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even doubtful whether I could, with perfect character as a juriconsult, retain a situation in a volunteer corps of cavalry which I then held. The threats of invasion were at this time instant and menacing; the call by Britain on her children was universal, and was answered by many who, like myself, consulted rather their will, than their ability to bear arms. My services, however, were found useful in assisting to maintain the discipline of the corps, being the point on which their constitution rendered them most amenable to military criticism. In other respects, the squadron was a fine one, consisting of handsome men, well mounted and armed, at their own expense. My attention to the corps took up a good deal of time; and while it occupied many of the happiest hours of my life, it furnished an additional reason for my reluctance again to encounter the severe course of study indispensable to success in the juridical profession.

"On the other hand, my father, whose feelings might have been hurt by my quitting the bar, had been for two or three years dead, so that I had no control to thwart my own inclination; and my income being equal to all the comforts, and some of the elegancies, of life, I was not pressed to an irksome employment by necessity, that most powerful of motives; consequently, I was the more easily seduced to choose the employment which was most agreeable. This was yet the easier, that in 1800, I had obtained the preferment of Sheriff of Selkirkshire, about £300 a-year in value, and which was the more agreeable to me, as in that county I had several friends and relations. But I did not abandon the profession to which I had been educated, without certain prudential resolutions, which, at the risk of egotism, I will here mention; not without the hope that they may be useful to young persons who may stand in circumstances similar to those in which I then stood.

"In the first place, upon considering the lives and fortunes of persons who had given themselves up to literature, or to the task of pleasing the public, it seemed to me that the circumstances which chiefly affected their happiness and character, were those from which Horace has bestowed upon authors the epithet of the Irritable Race. It requires no depth of philosophic reflection to perceive that the petty warfare of Pope with the Dunces of this period, could not have been carried on without his suffering the most acute torture, such as a man must endure from mosquitoes, by whose stings he suffers agony, although he can crush them in his grasp by myriads. Nor is it necessary to call to memory the many humiliating instances in which men of the greatest genius have, to avenge some pitiful quarrel, made themselves ridiculous during their lives, to become the still more degraded objects of pity to future times.

"Upon the whole, as I had no pretension to the genius of the distinguished persons who had fallen into such errors, I concluded there could be no occasion for imitating them in these mistakes, or what I considered as such; and in adopting literary pursuits as the principal occupation of my future life, I resolved, if possible, to avoid those weaknesses of temper, which seemed to have most easily beset my more celebrated predecessors.

"With this view, it was my first resolution to keep as far as was in my power abreast of society, continuing to maintain my place in general company, without yielding to the very

natural temptation of narrowing myself to what is called literary society. By doing so, I imagined I should escape the besetting sin of listening to language, which, from one motive or other, ascribes a very undue degree of consequence to literary pursuits, as if they were indeed the business rather than the amusement of life. The opposite course can only be compared to the injudicious conduct of one who pampers himself with cordial and luscious draughts, until he is unable to endure whole-some bitters. Like Gil Blas, therefore, I resolved to stick by the society of my *commis*, instead of seeking that of a more literary cast, and to maintain my general interest in what was going on around me, reserving the man of letters for the desk and the library.

"My second resolution was a corollary from my first. I determined that, without shutting my ears to the voice of true criticism, I would pay no regard to that which assumes the form of satire. I therefore resolved to arm myself with the triple brass of Horace, against all the roving warfare of satire, parody, and sarcasm; to laugh if the jest was a good one, or, if otherwise, to let it hum and buzz itself to sleep.

"It is to the observance of these rules (according to my best belief) that, after a life of thirty years engaged in literary labours of various kinds, I attribute my never having been entangled in any literary quarrel or controversy; and, which is a more pleasing result, that I have been distinguished by the personal friendship of my most approved contemporaries of all parties.

"I adopted, at the same time, another resolution, on which it may doubtless be remarked that it was well for me that I had it in my power to do so, and that, therefore, it is a line of conduct which can be less generally applicable in other cases. Yet I fail not to record this part of my plan, convinced that though it may not be in every one's power to adopt exactly the same resolution, he may, nevertheless, by his own exertions, in some shape or other attain the object on which it was founded—namely, to secure the means of subsistence, without relying exclusively on literary talents. In this respect, I determined that literature should be my staff, but not my crutch, and that the profits of my labour, however convenient otherwise, should not become necessary to my ordinary expenses. With this purpose, I resolved, if the interest of my friends could so far favour me, to retire upon any of the respectable officers of the law, in which persons of that profession are glad to take refuge, when they feel themselves, or are judged by others, incompetent to aspire to its higher offices and honors. Upon such an office an author might hope to retreat, without any perceptible alteration of circumstances, whenever the time should arrive that the public grew weary of his endeavours to please, or he himself should tire of the occupation of authorship. At this period of my life, I possessed so many friends capable of assisting me in this object of ambition, that I could hardly overrate my own prospects of obtaining the moderate preferment to which I limited my wishes; and in fact, I obtained, in no long period, the reversion of a situation which completely met them."

Here we must close our extracts for the present, but as we have been favoured with the whole of the introductions both to this poem, and to the *Lady of the Lake*, we shall, if possible, resume next week.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

Paul Clifford. By the Author of *Pelham*, &c. 3 vols. post 8vo.—London, Colburn and Bentley.

WE never much admired the numerous novels of this author, and the present is, we think, by far the worst of the set. There is quite too much of pretence about them to please us; and there is a total absence of *bonhomie*, kindly feeling, and goodness, we mean moral goodness, from all the characters, which is very unnatural and offensive. Cleverness they have, no doubt, and a considerable share of it, force and variety, and occasionally greater depth of observation than one is accustomed to meet in the rest of the circulating library novels; but there is withal, in general, a cold heartless sneering selfishness in them, a pedantic dogmatism about all manner of persons and things, that excites a mingled feeling of indignation and dislike. In the present novel the writer is professedly satirical; but there is no strong, healthy-toned morality in his satire. It rather reminds one of the impotent attempt to ridicule Johnson, made by the author of *Lexiphanes*. In order to expose the subjects of his animadversion to contempt, he introduces them in situations utterly unnatural, and makes them speak a language wholly foreign to their characters and habits, ekeing out his attempted portraits by the clumsy artifice of all villainous painters, namely, writing the name under each, that is, such a nick-name as he thinks cannot fail to be understood. But we shall illustrate our meaning, by presenting our readers with a scene, in which the principal actors are supposed to be the king of England, the duke of Wellington, the Attorney-General, the president of the Board of Control, and Lord Eldon, under the guise of common ruffians: it is only necessary to premise, that the hero, Paul Clifford, is a sort of founding, brought up among highway-men and pickpockets, and educated by a Scotch school-master, called Peter McGrawler, brushed up by Mr. Augustus Tomlinson, an "accident reporter," by whom he is introduced into this society, which is called "the robbers' club."

Hear how this vulgar dandy rails on the Lord's anointed:—

"Have you never heard of Gentleman George? 'What! the noted head of a flash public-house in the country? To be sure I have, often; my poor nurse, Dame Lobkins, used to say he was the best spoken man in the trade!' 'Ay, so he is still. In his youth, George was a very handsome fellow, but a little too fond of his lass and his bottle to please his father, a very staid old gentleman, who walked about on Sundays with a bob-wig and a gold-headed cane, and was a much better farmer on week days than he was head of a public-house. George used to be a remarkably smart-dressed fellow, and so he is to this day. He has a great deal of wit, is a very good whist-player, has a capital cellar, and is so fond of seeing his friends drunk, that he bought some time ago a large pewter measure in which six men can stand upright. The girls, or rather the old women, to whom he used to be much more civil of the two, always liked him; they say, nothing is so fine as his fine speeches, and they give him the title of '*Gentleman George*.' He is a nice kind hearted man in many things. Pray Heaven we shall have no

cause to miss him when he departs. But, to tell you the truth, he takes more than his share of our common purse.' 'What! is he avaricious?' 'Quite the reverse; but he's so cursedly fond of building, he invests all his money (and wants us to invest all ours) in houses; and there's one confounded dog of a bricklayer, who runs him up terrible bills,—a fellow called 'Cunning Nat,' who is equally adroit in spoiling ground and improving ground rent.'

"Threading a gallery or passage, Augustus preceded our hero, opened a door, and introduced him into a long, low apartment, where sat, round a table spread with pipes and liquor, some ten or a dozen men, while at the top of the table, in an arm chair, presided Gentleman George. That dignity was a portly and comely gentleman, with a knowing look, and a Welsh wig, worn, as the Morning Chronicle says of his Majesty's hat, 'in a *degagé* manner, on one side.' Being afflicted with the gout, his left foot reclined on a stool; and the attitude developed, despite of a lamb's-wool stocking, the remains of an exceedingly good leg. As Gentleman George was a person of majestic dignity among the Knights of the Cross, we trust we shall not be thought irreverent in applying a few of the words by which the foresaid Morning Chronicle depicted his Majesty, on the day he laid the first stone of his father's monument, to the description of Gentleman George. 'He had on a handsome blue coat and a white waistcoat; moreover, 'he laughed most good-humouredly,' as, turning to Augustus Tomlinson, he saluted him with—'So, this is the youngster you present to us.—Welcome to the 'Jolly Angler!' Give us thy hand, young sir; I shall be happy to blow a cloud with thee.' 'With all due submission,' said Mr. Tomlinson, 'I think it may first be as well to introduce my pupil and friend to his future companions.' 'You speak like a leary cove,' cried Gentleman George, still squeezing our hero's hand; and turning round in his elbow-chair, he pointed to each member, as he severally introduced his guests to Paul.—'Here,' said he, 'here's a fine chap at my right hand—(the person thus designated was a thin, military-looking figure, in a shabby riding frock, and with a commanding, bold, aquiline countenance, a little the worse for wear)—here's a fine chap for you; Fighting Attie we calls him; he's a devil on the road. 'Halt—deliver—must and shall—can't and shan't—do as I bid you, or go the devil,—that's all Fighting Attie's palaver; and, 'sdeath, it has a wonderful way of coming to the point! A famous cull is my friend Attie—an old soldier—has seen the world, and knows what is what; has lots of gumption, and devil a bit of blarney.—Howsomever, the highfliers doesn't like him; and when he takes people's money, he need not be quite so cross about it. Attie, let me introduce a new pal to you.' Paul made his bow. 'Stand at ease, man!' quoth the veteran, without taking the pipe from his mouth."

"Gentleman George then continued; and, after pointing out four or five of the company (among whom our hero discovered, to his surprise, his old friends, Mr. Eustace Fitzherbert and Mr. William Howard Russell,) came, at length, to one with a very red face, and a lusty frame of body. 'That gentleman,' said he, 'is Scarlet Jem; a dangerous fellow for a

press, though he says he likes robbing alone now, for a general press is not half such a good thing as it used to be formerly. You have no idea what a hand at disguising himself Scarlet Jem is. He has an old wig which he generally does business in; and you would not go for to know him again, when he conceals himself under the wig. Oh, he's a precious rogue, is Scarlet Jem! as for the cove on t'other side,' continued the host of the Jolly Angler, pointing to Long Ned, 'all I can say of him, good, bad, or indifferent, is, that he has an unkinnon fine head of hair; and now, youngster, as you knows him, spouse you goes and sits by him, and he'll introduce you to the rest; for, split my wig!—(Gentleman George was a bit of a swearer)—if I ben't tired; and so here's to your health; and if so be as your name's Paul, may you alway rob *Peter* in order to pay *Paul*."

"The full voice of Gentleman George thundered forth—'Keep the peace there, you youngster. What! are you just admitted into our merry-makings, and must you be wrangling already? Harkye, gemmen, I have been plagued enough with your quarrels before now, and the first cove as breaks the present quiet of the 'Jolly Angler,' shall be turned out neck and crop—shan't he, Attie?' 'Right about, march,' said the hero. 'Ay, that's the word, Attie,' said Gentleman George: 'and now, Mr. Pepper, if there be any ill blood 'twixt you and the lad there, wash it away in a bumper of bingo, and let's hear no more whatsomever about it.' 'I'm willing,' cried Long Ned, with the deferential air of a courtier, and holding out his hand to Paul.—Our hero, being somewhat abashed by the novelty of his situation and the rebuke of Gentleman George, accepted, though with some reluctance, the proffered courtesy. Order being thus restored, the conversation of the convivialists began to assume a most fascinating bias. They talked with infinite *goût* of the sums they had levied on the public, and the speculations they had committed for what one called the 'good of the community,' and another the 'established order,' meaning themselves. It was easy to see in what school the discerning Augustus Tomlinson had learnt the value of words. *There was something edifying in hearing the rascals!* So nice was their language, and so honest their enthusiasm for their own interests, you might have imagined you were listening a coterie of cabinet ministers conferring on taxes, or debating on perquisites. 'Long may the *Commons* flourish!' cried punning Georgie, filling his glass; 'it is by the commons we're fed, and may they never know cultivation!' 'Three times three' shouted Long Ned; and the toast was drunk as Mr. Pepper proposed. 'A little, moderate cultivation of the commons, to speak frankly,' said Augustus Tomlinson modestly, 'might not be amiss; for it would decoy people into the belief that they might travel safely; and, after all a hedge or a barley field, is as good for us as a barren heath, where we have no shelter if once pursued.' 'You talks nonsense, you spooney!' cried a robber of note called Bagshot; who being aged, and having been a lawyer's footboy, was sometimes denominated 'Old Bags.' 'You talks nonsense; these innowating ploughs are the ruin of us. Every blade of corn in a common is an encroachment on the constitution and rights of the gemmen

highwaymen. I'm old and may'n't live to see these things; but mark my words, a time will come when a man may go from Lunnun to Johny Groat's without losing a penny by one of us; when Hounslow will be safe, and Finchley secure. My eyes, what a sad thing for us that 'il be!' The venerable old man became suddenly silent, and the tears started to his eyes. Gentleman George had a great horror of blue devils, and particularly disliked all disagreeable subjects. 'Thunder and oons, Old Bags!' quoth mine host of the Jolly Angler, 'this will never do: we're all met here to be merry, and not to listen to your mullancolly tara tarantarums. I says, Ned Pepper, spouse you tips us a song, and I'll beat time with my knuckles.'" &c. &c. &c. *

Such is the disgusting garbage we see an established writer of the present day, catering for the diseased palate of the disaffected part of his Majesty's subjects; aye! and hear others praise, too, and that highly. The periodical press of Great Britain, (we write it with shame and sorrow,) is lauding to the echo, without stint or measure, this atrocious farrago of slang and buffoonery, circulated among them, before publication, for the purpose of securing their ready indiscriminating suffrages. To us, the work appears one of those detestable panders to political malignity, and vulgar love of slander, that reflect shame and dishonour alike on him who writes, and those who read, except as we do to condemn.

Is it possible that all this worst depravity of vitiated taste, this ruffianly blackguarding of our good and gracious King, (whom God preserve,) and at such a time too! is from the pen of that same delicate and dandy-minded and exquisitely-dressed person, whom Mr. Thomas Campbell, of the New Monthly Magazine, compliments so prettily in those lines

That seem as if they should be writ with caudle,
Or drop like posset from sick nurse's mouth,

to Edward Lytton Bulwer, Esq. on the birth of his first child? Alas for outraged loyalty and decency! Are honour, truth, and virtue, all exiled? But merry and wise, honest and true, are words out of date now; though antiquaries like ourselves, still read of them sometimes in an old ballad.

Mr. Bulwer was ambitious enough, on a former occasion, to write the adventures of a Gentleman; in the present instance, he was anxious, we presume, to display the versatility of his talents by the perfect delineation of a blackguard. Whatever we may think of his failure in the former attempt, we can congratulate him on his complete success in the latter. He has drawn the character to the life. We consign his new novel to the admiration of all who esteem the slang of Tom and Jerry as the acmé of human wit, and to the scorn and abhorrence of the wise, the loyal, and the good.

Omnibus de la Methode Jacotot.—L'Huillier. Paris.

OMNIBUS is a word lately introduced into the English language, to designate a kind of vehicle drawn by two or three horses, now current in the vicinity of London, and carrying a great number of passengers, to distinguish it from the two-horse stage coaches, which convey only

* We have purposely extracted the very passages that are selected for special panegyric, by our learned brethren south and north of Berwick-upon-Tweed.—E.